

Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VII.

BISMARCK, D. T., SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1879.

NO. 7

NEWS AND NOTES.

The potato bugs are raiding Maine this year. "Lane Johnny," the horse thief, was lynched at Buffalo Gap, last week.

The New York *Herald's* steam yacht has started on its polar expedition.

Lieut. Robinson is building a little steamer for pleasure, to run on Devils Lake.

Rev. Mr. Williams, of Lanesboro, Minn., charged with rape, was acquitted.

Gen. Humphreys, now retired, was forty-eight years in the U. S. military service.

Moorehead has a high-toned forger in the county jail who is wanted in New York.

Dan Castello and Tom Miller are about organizing a circus from Black Hills talent.

Though the King of Siam flings his ministers to the dogs and none resign all the same.

Sam Cary has deserted the greenback party and returned to the Democratic camp.

A Marsh hardware manufacturing establishment is about being constructed at St Paul.

A party of picnickers were poisoned at Lanesboro, Minn., last week by poisoned lemonade.

Secretary Schurz intends visiting the more important Indian agencies in person this summer.

Jen Davis authorizes the statement that he is not and will not be a candidate for the United States Senate.

Oscar, King of Sweden, has written a book summing free masonry, quoting the Bible in support of his position.

Chandler says the story that he will stand for the presidency is too ridiculous to laugh at even.

Reports from the European wheat crops are unfavorable and the London Times fears a drain of gold from Europe to America.

The New York *Tribune* says the only way to keep the states' rights doctrine in its grave is to bury the Democratic party with it.

Gen. John B. Sanborn of St Paul is mentioned in connection with the position of Secretary of War. He would make a good one.

The Deadwood Evening *News* calls attention to the fact that Deadwood has more daily papers than the entire territory of Montana.

Three persons were drowned near Sioux Falls, last week. They attempted to cross the Split Rock, swollen by heavy rains and were lost.

The wheat crop of the old world has been injured much more than the crop in the United States and the price is rapidly appreciating.

Senators Ben Hill and Alexander H. Stephens, for twenty years bitter personal enemies, have buried the hatchet and are now on friendly terms.

Talmage is preaching in London to twenty thousand people, audiences and all, whether friendly or otherwise, admit his power and originality.

The cost of the late war to Russia is estimated at \$150,000,000. The deaths are estimated at 300,000. The Turks proved to be trouble-some customers.

China, in exchange remarks, showed her appreciation of American institutions by the invention of fire works with which to celebrate July 4th.

A young Greek Indian, being educated at Wooster, took the first Latin prize, a gold medal, for best scholarship, during senior preparation year.

Railroad companies prefer to ship beef in refrigerator cars, now, rather than on foot and butchering is likely to be done away with near the large cities.

St Paul is indignant because it believes the Chicago, Milwaukee & St Paul R. R. Co. is about to purchase the St Paul & Duluth railroad.

The Tower City *Herald*, published at Cass County, Dakota, is said to have made its appearance falling in line with a dozen or more Dakota newspapers established within a month or two.

East Tennessee ships a million dollars worth of chickens annually. Thousands of union soldiers sampled east Tennessee chickens and can tell if they are good. Chickens learned to roast bush in a day, however.

Gen. Sherman, it is said, appears to regret that the code has been abolished for it would rid the calendar of such cases as the Stanley-Hazen, Reno-Bell, Whiting-Gibbhardt-Reed cases that could best be settled on the field of honor.

The proposed construction of the Darien canal is likely to meet with opposition from the United States government, and it will not be permitted unless controlled by American interests. The estimated cost of the work is about \$50,000,000.

Three Richmond bullies forced a Richmond editor to "act at the point of a revolver." In his next paper republished and reiterated the offensive article and detailed all of the circumstances in connection with the forced retraction.

The recent earthquake at Virginia City was not noticed by those working in the mines. It only affected the surface. The same was true of former earthquakes. Where buildings on the surface were destroyed loose stones were not even disturbed in the lower levels of the mines.

The President has remitted the sentence of Capt. Rende rock. He didn't hold up his reputation for bravery in the Indian service but the court recommended clemency on account of previous service, old age, and the fact that he was unfit for service in an active campaign.

The first great storm of the season destroyed three thousand acres of grain in Watonwan Co., Minn., along a strip six miles wide, was swept almost clean of everything in the crop line. Hay stones as large as tea-cups beat down the grain and in many instances killed young stock.

During the last twenty years 120,000,000 bushels of wheat have been produced in Pennsylvania—57,000,000 during the past five years. In 1860 it was worth \$20 a barrel; the average price in 1879 was only \$1.40. Philadelphia exported last year nearly eighty million gallons. Quite a number of vessels were cleared with it from Japan.

THE NEWS BY TELEGRAPH

ITEMS CORRALLED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE GLOBE.

Yellow Jack's Fury---Disastrous Explosions---Death of Bill Allen---Storms and Crop Prospects.

(Special Dispatch to The Tribune.)

YELLOW JACK.

ST. PAUL, July 12.—The appearance of the yellow fever at Memphis and elsewhere in the South has caused general consternation, although yesterday a better feeling existed in Memphis itself, and no spread of the disease is expected. Five thousand people left Memphis yesterday. A quarantine is established by outside cities against trains from Memphis. New Orleans, Nashville, and other cities are bestirring themselves to prevent an appearance of the scourge. The national board of health is thrown into consternation by this news from the South; it don't know what to do. The only death reported is at Water Valley, Miss.

HON. WM. ALLEN,

Ex-governor of Ohio, died yesterday very suddenly. He was apparently in perfect health on Wednesday.

Pontiac, Port Huron, St. Clair, and adjacent country in Michigan were visited by a

SEVERE STORM of wind, rain and lightning yesterday, which tore down steeples, chimneys, and unroofed houses. A new Methodist church was blown down and a planing mill and brewery destroyed. Several persons were injured. The amount of rain was very heavy. A storm similar in character struck in the vicinity of Harrisburg, Pa., and in northern Ohio, doing great damage to crops and buildings.

The attorney general has issued a circular

TO F. S. MARSHALS

informing them that the new law directs

the diminution of court expenditures, and

cautions them against using one approach to pay other than its own bills.

TAKING A BATH.

An aged couple in Milwaukee deliberately clasped each other and jumped into a creek and drowned themselves.

A TERRIFIC BLOW UP.

A magazine containing five tons of gun powder exploded at Badie, California, on Thursday. About eight people were killed and forty wounded. The shock was felt twenty miles away; all the buildings in the vicinity were demolished.

A BOILER EXPLOSION

in a box factory at Baltimore destroyed the Carter House adjoining the mill. Several persons were killed and many wounded.

THE EMPANNELLING

of the jury in the Buford case at Owenton, Ky., was completed yesterday and the trial began. Judge Huess was first witness.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL'S

remains arrived at Chiswellhurst last night. The funeral takes place to-day.

THE CROPS.

Pioneer Press specials from all parts of the state last night, show the crops not injured except in spots by rains. Rust is confined to a few scattered portions, and unless more rain comes the crops will be excellent.

GRASSHOPPERS

have been seen at Mansfield, but no damage has been done.

FLEEING CROWS.

Large Numbers of Them Trying to Escape the Sioux.

Capt. T. J. Anderson, of the steamer Josephine, reports that when the Josephine was passing Claggett on the 9th a large party of River Crows was crossing from the north side of the Missouri in great haste forcing their ponies into the river and crossing women and children in bullet-proof. The Crows reported that they had had a battle with the Sioux in which they had been defeated, and as evidence of the fight the Capt. saw three fresh scalps. The hostiles are supposed to be not less than 800 lodges with about 8,000 warriors.

The Crows reported that the Sioux had captured and rifled Belknap agency but that no murders had been committed.

Gen. Miles with a large force of about 700 including one hundred re-enfrcs and 200 Crow, Bannock and Gros Ventre Indians was at Fort Peck. He had placed

all of the able bodied Indians at Poplar Creek agency on the opposite side of the river, excepting forty lodges which escaped to the hostile camp, leaving the women, children and old men at the agency. He had also notified the Yankton that he should demand their ponies and arms if they gave any encouragement or aid to the hostiles. It looks very much like business in the Indian country.

A QUAKER MAGNATE IN LIMBO.

A Large Pennsylvania Embazzer Passes through Bismarck.

"Joseph Rue and B. J. Smith, Philadelphia," registered last Saturday evening at the Sheridan. One was a talkative fellow, about thirty-five, and the other a tall, thin, gentlemanly looking man, of forty-five or fifty. The talker was evidently somebody from his conversation, and after staying here until Tuesday the secret leaked out that he was a detective, and his traveling companion Barclay J. Smith, of Newtown, Pa. Rue had traced Mr. Smith to Helena, Montana, and presented the requisition of the governor of Pennsylvania calling for his person. The papers were found faulty and Mr. Rue returned without his game. With improved documents he re-entered the Territory and found Mr. Smith getting ready to change his base by making an overland trip to Puget Sound. Rue tore the old gentleman from his weeping wife and child and whirled him away in a hack to Fort Benton, where he placed him on board the steamer Benton and got out of the Territory as quickly as steam would take them.

Mr. Rue when interviewed talked mysteriously and wouldn't say anything. There was nothing sensational in the matter. The prisoner was walking about alone, speaking to no one, and acting just as if he was a traveling millionaire. The sharp detective dropped sufficient points to give the little item away, and a gentleman in our freight office recently from Philadelphia, who had lost two thousand dollars through Smith's rascality, rounded them out after the following fashion:

"Mr. R. H. Mills, Jr., attorney of this city, looked into the detectives' office yesterday, and placed into the hands of Capt. McGarrie a complaint against the Hon. Ansley Gray, member of the Dakota legislature and a prominent resident of Bismarck. Gray and Mills, it seems, were old college friends, and met for the first time in some years about a fortnight ago.

A few days since the former induced Mills to introduce him at the City Bank, where he procured the cash for a check on his home account at Bismarck. Yesterday the check returned protested, and with it an accompanying note to the effect that the Hon. Ansley never had any business dealings with the bank on which he drew.

Mr. Mills further learned that Gray had used his name to get money on still another bank, and that he was fired out of his hotel yesterday for non-payment of board, concluded that it would be for the best interest of society if the gentleman from Dakota took a place behind the bars."

His PROVINCIAL CHECKING.

When Mr. Gray retired from Yankton upon the adjournment of the Legislature he was considerably in debt to his Yankton acquaintances. Reaching Milwaukee he drew a check of ninety dollars upon the Bank of Bismarck, J. W. Raymond & Co.; that check went to protest. There and at Chicago he drew one or two more.

He carried a check-book of the Bank of Bismarck, with his name printed in it. His original intention was to do his business with the bank at Raymond's, but he never carried it out, and never made a deposit. From Chicago he went to the Black Hills via Omaha. He located in Deadwood, but his habits soon swamped him. His troubles soon swamped him. His

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GRAY'S CHECKERED CAREER

WANTED IN MILWAUKEE, CHICAGO AND BLACK HILLS.

Hon. Ansley, Late of the Territorial House of Representatives as a Financier—Still Raiding the Banks.

The course pursued by Hon. Ansley Gray since his arrival at Bismarck two years ago could not end otherwise than in disgrace. A young man of splendid address, liberal education and large fortune, the husband of a noble and accomplished wife, who has been a member of both the Wisconsin and Dakota legislature, his convivial habits have almost ruined him and wrecked his fortune. Since leaving Bismarck about a month ago no less than ten checks have been drawn on the banks of Bismarck by Mr. Gray and presented for payment and protested. Of the result on one of them, under the head of "Beat from Bismarck," the Chicago *Times* says:

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THE DECEITFUL REPORTER.**MERCHANT.**

Kind reporter, I've important information,
Sing hey, the kind reporter that you are,
About a certain dry goods inundation,
Sing hey, the cheapest goods in town by far.

BOTH.

The very cheapest goods in town by far.

REPORTER

Good fellow, in conundrums you are speaking,
Sing hey, the mystic merchant that you are;
The answer to them vainly I am seeking,
Sing hey, the cheapest goods in town by far.

BOTH.

The very cheapest goods in town by far.

MERCHANT.

Kind reporter, on to-morrow I'll be going
Sing hey, the boss reporter that you are
To New York, and soon then I'll be showing
The biggest stock—but take you this cigar.

BOTH.

The very cheapest goods in town by far.

REPORTER.

Good fellow, you have given timely warning,
Sing hey, the thoughtful merchant that you are;
I'll whoop yo up lively in the morning,
Sing hey, the merry fifteen-cent cigar.

BOTH.

The merry, merry fifteen-cent cigar.

P. S.—It was the reporter that got the puff.

*Cincinnati Enquirer***THE LOVER'S SACRIFICE.**

Tessie Rivers was just twenty, and looking back over that short space of life, she felt that she would not quite care to live the years over again.

Her childhood had been as sweet and bright as love and wealth could make it, until the good father had died so utterly ruined financially that nothing was left his widow and only child except a small, but pretty and pleasant residence, and an exceedingly meagre income derived from a certain property not forfeitable by his many creditors.

Since the death of that loving, indulgent, but most incompetent parent, the girl had known almost every vicissitude of trouble and privation possible to the experience of the young, the sensitive and the refined.

Fortunately the elegant, finely educated and rarely accomplished Mrs. Rivers was competent to instruct her child in scholarship as well as in the subtle lore of etiquette affected by the social circles from which she had been ostracized by her pecuniary misfortunes. And the daughter being dutiful and tractable, as well as sensible, had profited by this gentle but thorough home tuition.

At twenty a Vassarite might almost have envied Tessie Rivers for her education; and many a pampered favorite of wealth and aristocratic pretensions might have coveted her unaffected grace and dignity of demeanor more, perhaps, than her rich, vivid and healthful loveliness.

But she was not at all satisfied with the station to which fate had assigned her. She was sick to the soul of this perpetual struggle between hidden want and ostensible modest comfort. She longed for a life, not of utter indolence and clogging luxury, but of perfect freedom from prosy cares—a life filled with sweeter possibilities and broader purposes, and that might bring a few seasons of rest.

"I shud not quite care to live my twenty years over again," she averred mentally, as divesting herself of her becoming black cloth cloak and prettily plumed velvet hat, she entered the cheerful room where her mother was rathere awaiting her coming.

"Are you tired, dear?" questioned Mrs. Rivers, tenderly, as she poured the tea she had made ready an hour before.

"Not at all, mamma," answered Tessie, taking her seat at the cosy table. "When one's talk is interesting, one does not become fatigued easily; if I had nothing less pleasant to do than to arrange Lucille Carrington's flowers and flounces, I should be happy, I think."

"Ah, Tessie," smiled the mother, "the most humble labor would never be distasteful to you so long as you might find an element of the aesthetic in it."

"And if I might always serve a lady as considerate and gracious as Miss Carrington," she added. "She never patronizes me; she treats me as she might a trusted friend. And yet I am in a rebellious mood to-night—I am, indeed, mamma. Why should she be given so much and I so little? The lace that drapes the rose silk dress she wears—the single diamond on her white hand—the pearls that gleam on her bosom—if mine to transmute into money, would lift the mortgage from this dear old home and this heavy burden from our hearts."

Mrs. Rivers sighed as she sipped her tea silently, choosing neither to contemplate nor discuss an impending trouble unless that it might be averted.

"I do not care to think or speak of a misfortune that cannot be prevented, my dear," she observed, after a sorrowful pause. "To grieve in prospective is but folly. Heaven has proportioned our strength to our trials, and to rebel against the inevitable is unwise; besides, Tessie, I am sure that Monreith Carrington is much too kind and generous to distress about that mortgage."

"But I should prefer not to appeal to Mr. Carrington's generosity, mamma, and if you love me you will not do so," returned the girl, quickly, as she blushed before the tender, inquiring eyes turned toward her.

"You fancy he would think you indecent to request a favor since he has honored you with a preference that you may not reciprocate," suggested Mrs. Rivers; "but you wrong him, Tessie. He is too astute, as well as too magnanimous, to misjudge you. I wish, my love, you could give him some little hope. As his wife you might be very happy, Tessie."

"And I might be very miserable," protested Tessie; "kindly as his family treat me now, they might behave very differently toward me as the wife of the

only son and brother of whom they are so proud and expect so much. They might regard me as an interloper, as an ambitious creature, caring less for my husband than for the pleasant life he could give me. And as I am rather fond of approbation, I might not find the situation agreeable. Besides, mamma—"

The young lady paused, growing slightly pale, and a vague expression of yearning and pain shadowed her bonny brown eyes.

"Beside what?" urged her mother, gently.

"Never mind what, mamma, dear," was the grave answer; "but I have had dreams of a very different and much more passionate and enthusiastic affection than I can ever feel for Monreith—much as I honor him. But let us not discuss the subject, if you please."

"The next morning Mr. Carrington called.

"Lucille sent me," he exclaimed politely, but his voice betrayed the pleasure and gratification with which he had become his sister's messenger.

The trivial errand performed, he still lingered, and Tessie, knowing why, began to tremble.

Her fond and handsome suitor pleased her, and she was keenly conscious of the honor he offered her, but the girlish heart refused to be wholly satisfied. And yet he was a noble fellow and loved her too well to deny her anything she might desire. This pitiful struggle for the simplest comforts of life would be over forever. She could have velvets and satins and jewels—an elegant carriage all her own—horses fit to carry a princess—a home like a palace, and her life would be one long dream of splendor and the rest that seemed so desirable.

And the good, unselfish mother—the dear mother who had known so much of sorrow would be happiest of them all. And by and by she would forget the old haunting fancies that had been so sweet, and she would learn to love Monreith as well as he deserved to be loved.

"Will you not give me my answer, Tessie?" pleaded her woer. "I have waited so long."

"If I were only sure I would make you happy," she stammered, undecided.

"You would, dear?" he persisted, earnestly. "I should be happy in caring for you. My child, I love you so unselfishly that I should make any honorable sacrifice to save you from the pain or trouble of a single hour."

Little did Monreith Carrington guess that this assertion was to be sorely tested before that day would be done.

"And I," responded Tessie, in odd, abstracted, dreamy tones, "should rather endure the worst in silence and alone, than to feel that one I loved was suffering for me."

"I should be glad to suffer for you if by that I might win you," he said.

But he had won her, and a few minutes later he left her, the touch of her rose mouth yet warm on his lips, and she went back to her mother's room wearing on her pretty white hand the jeweled token of her betrothal.

"Mamma, dear, I have accepted Mr. Carrington," she said simply.

"I am very glad, Tessie," replied Mrs. Rivers. "I have feared that you would refuse him, and possibly for the sake of John Eustis."

"John has never asked me to be his wife, mamma," returned the girl, wearily, and something in the suddenly spiritless attitude of the graceful, drooping figure, some unsatisfied expression of the strangely pale face half hidden by the loose tawny curls, disturbed and pained her watchful parent.

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"I am very glad, Tessie," replied Mrs. Rivers. "I have feared that you would refuse him, and possibly for the sake of John Eustis."

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LONGFELLOW SURPASSED.

How cold are thy baths, Apollo.
Cried the African monarch, the splendid,
As down to a bath in a swallow
Taile coat he descended,
Uncrowned, unabashed, unattended,
How cold are thy baths, Apollo.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Note—it will be observed that the durned unatic didn't have sense enough to turn on the hot water spigot.

A SCHOOLHOUSE ATTACKED

A young man from the West, Mr. G. F. Gleddale, has given the writer the following graphic and thrilling incident of the last Indian war in Western Iowa and Minnesota, which I append in nearly his own words:

I had the fire to build at the schoolhouse that morning, and started early. It could not have been more than half past seven when I left home.

The older boys took turns building the fire and sweeping out. The boy whose turn it was took the key home at night, and was expected to have the house warm before the girls came at the regular school hour.

It was about a mile from our house to the school. The road ran along the edge of the "timber," and the schoolhouse stood amongst the "heavy growth," so as to be sheltered from the bleak prairie winds.

It was the first ever built there. The settlers had built it only the year before. It was but twenty-three feet square, and made of logs, "sided down," so as to fit together and keep out the wind and snow—for we used sometimes to have fearful driving snow storms up there.

Ours was a little frontier district, of only seven families and twenty-three scholars in all. All were Americans except one family, the Jonsens, who were Norwegians—honest, kind hearted people as ever were.

Charley Bean, Clint Gargill and I were the three oldest boys. As it happened, we were sixteen years old; and the two oldest girls, Merced Bean and Lettie Eastman, were but fifteen. The rest of the scholars were younger.

We had no regular teacher. That fall Mr. Fifield, the Methodist minister, had offered to take the school. His salary was small; and the agent gave him the school to help in his support.

I well remember the poor man, he was quite young, not more than twenty-three or four years of age—very much freckled, and with red hair. But far from having a fiery temper, he was so mild that we said and did just as we pleased. Even the A.B.C. fellows were saying, "won't, and 'will' to him before the first week of the school had passed. Yet the scholars liked him so well that we did not do anything that would greatly hurt his feelings. Some days, however, he was very quiet and peevish.

I took my gun on my arm as I went to school that morning; for the partridges used to come to the sunny side of the timber for the buds on the birches; and sometimes there would be a deer there browsing. I had a pretty little single-barreled shotgun.

There had been rumors that fall of attacks on settlers by the Sioux. In fact, such reports were always going the rounds in the frontier districts, and this was a sort of excuse for the large boys to take their guns with them to school.

The Eastmans lived only a little ways from us; and on my way to school I generally called for Lettie. The schoolhouse stood at or near the forks of two roads. She and I were the only scholars who came by that road, and we sat next each other in the "back seat." As school books were scarce with us, we used to look together over the same geography and the same reader.

Indeed, I recollect that when Lettie happened to stay at home a day I had a dull time of it. For she was uncommonly bright and quick at her lessons. Her finger would fly over the maps in the geography when we looked out answers to the questions, and it was much easier to follow her than to puzzle them out alone.

When I went by Lettie's father's home that morning to build the fire in the schoolhouse Lettie came to the door and said that she would start for school in about half an hour.

About half way between Mr. Eastman's and the schoolhouse there was a "slew," or water hole, surrounded by thickets of gray alder, and the timber here came down to the road. It was November, and the night had been so cold that the "slew" was frozen over.

It was hardly sunrise yet. The thin blue fog lay low on the bright frosty ground, and the smoke from the settlers' houses in the distance rose straight up to a great height, for the air was very still.

As I went past the "slew" I had a glimpse of something. I could hardly tell what, amongst the thick alders, four or five rods from the road, and in a moment more I heard the ice crack. My first thought was that some hunter was in there.

"Halloo!" I called. "Shot anything?"

There was no answer.

Then I thought for an instant that it might have been a deer. But a deer, when started, goes bounding off at full speed, making plenty of noise in the bushes; whereas I had only heard one cautious snap of the ice. Then it occurred to me that it might have been a bear, for bears were quite common in that locality.

I set down my dinner-box and books, went quietly in amongst the alders, and stood looking about for some moments, but did not see any object nor hear a sound.

It seemed odd, for I was positive I had had a glimpse of some moving object. However, I had the fire to build, and so went back to the road and hurried to the schoolhouse. Yet I kept thinking that there was something odd about the noise and what I had seen.

By the time I had the schoolhouse warm and swept, nearly all the scholars were there except Lettie. A few minutes after Mr. Fifield arrived, and rapped for us to take our seats. Lettie had said she would start in half an hour. If she had started, she ought to have been at the schoolhouse long before the master came. Then I thought of the noise I had heard at the "slew," and though I did not believe it was caused by anything that would hurt her, it made me feel uneasy.

The windows of the schoolhouse were small, and so high that I could not look out from my seat. But behind me there was a chink between the logs, from which some of the children had pulled the basswood bark which had been stuffed into it. It was a little crevice not half an inch wide. All the time we were reading in the Testament I kept peeping out at this crevice, for it was on the back side, and I could see the road along which Lettie had to come, and out into the timber above the road.

She was nowhere in sight.

The master reprimanded me for looking out, for I had lost my place in the Testament, when my turn came to read. "We shall have to stop that hole up," Mr. Fifield said. That made Clint and Merced Bean laugh, for the two knew why I was peeping through it.

Then the first class in arithmetic was called. This was my class; but as I got up I stole another glance through the crevice, and a strange object caught my eye.

Out in the edge of the woods, where the burnt piece which had been cleared for the schoolhouse bordered the timber, I caught a glimpse of some object crawling slowly forward from behind a root.

There were dry fire-weeds and sprouts in the way. I could not see the object distinctly. But it crawled along to the blackened stub of a great yellow birch, and straightened up behind it, as if about to climb it. Then I saw an Indian's head thrust stealthily out from one side of the old stump, and the savage looked toward the schoolhouse.

I cannot describe the feeling that the sight gave me. It flashed into my mind in an instant that it was an Indian that I had seen down at the "slew" and that he had waylaid Lettie.

"George!" cried Mr. Fifield, sharply, "take your place in the class."

"Master," said I with a very white face, I suppose, there's an Indian outdoors!"

"What?" exclaimed Mr. Fifield.

"There's an Indian with a gun, watching the schoolhouse!" I repeated.

Mr. Fifield started to go to the window.

But Clint exclaimed:

"Don't look out, master, I wouldn't look out, master."

"I don't believe there are any Indians watching the schoolhouse," said Mr. Fifield, rather sternly, for he was out of patience with me for behaving as I had.

"Then come here, sir," said I, "and look out of this crack."

Instead of doing that, he walked boldly up to the back window, and with his face close up to the glass, looked out.

The next thing I recollect was hearing the sharp report of a rifle, the shivering of glass, the fragments of which flew across the room, and seeing Mr. Fifield fall back into the aisle! He never uttered a word. He was killed instantly.

Two or three frightful war-hoops came at the same moment. Imagine if you can, what a panic there was in the schoolhouse! The little scholars all began to scream,

"Get down under the benches, out of sight, every one of you!" shouted Clint, as he ran to the door to put the "prop" against it. We had kept a large prop in the room ever since the reports of Indians attacking the settlers came to us. After putting it up, Clint called Charley to help him hold it.

It was hardly in the place before the door was violently shaken. Then came heavy thuds against it, as if from stone or a log. It was a plank door, and the prop held it. But we heard the savages begin to hack and chop at it with their hatchets or axes.

I had got my gun from the corner where Mr. Fifield allowed us to set our guns, but there was only a partridge charge in it. We could hear the savages running round the house; and a moment after a great stone crashed through the four-pane window on the south side. Glass and stone flew over the benches. The whole window was knocked in.

The little scholars screamed again. One of the red-skins jumped up outside, and, catching hold of the window-sill with his hands, thrust in his head and yelled at us. He was an ugly-looking wretch—more like a demon than a human being.

The moment his head came in, almost without thought, I fired at him. It was only a charge of small shot; yet the muzzle of the gun was hardly ten feet from the savage. He gave a howl, and I heard him tumble down outside the window.

The scoundrels probably supposed we were all children, and had no thought that we had guns. They expected, no doubt, to get our young scalps without much trouble.

I had hardly fired at the savage in the window when the two in the door cut through and stoned in one of the panels. In came the muzzle of a gun! Charley and Clint jumped off the prop and dodged to one side, as the Indian fired into the room. Clint ran at once and seized his own gun.

The next moment the prop slipped down, and both of the Indians came in, headlong! One, a thick, coarse-faced ruffian, had an ax; the other, a very tall Indian, had the gun he had just fired through the door.

The instant they tumbled in Clint fired at the one with the ax. Dropping the ax, he clapped both hands over his stomach, and

with a fearful squeal, ran out, half doubled up.

I hadn't had time to reload; but I knew that the tall Indian's gun was empty. So I raised mine and took aim at him, as if I was going to shoot. Out he went at one leap after the other, to escape being shot.

We shouted and ran out after them, and just as I got to the door, I saw the one Clint had shot fall at the edge of the timber. The tall one had gone in another direction, and in a moment was out of sight.

We ran out to the one we had seen fall. He lay amongst the dry fire-weed, just at the point of death.

"Don't touch him!" Clint said.

Then I thought of the one I had shot in the back window, and we ran back to look for him. He was not there. He had either run off or crawled away, and we never found him.

The little scholars had come out from under the benches, and were crying over Mr. Fifield's body. But I could think only of Lettie. I was sure the savages had waylaid her, and I started for the "slew" as fast as I could run. I expected to find her scalped and dead.

Before I had got to the "slew" I saw her dinner-basket lying in the road. The sight of it made me cold and sick at heart. Near it was her arithmetic and one of her scarlet mittens, and out in the ditch lay her geography.

Fairly wild with excitement and grief, I called to her again and again. There was no answer. Then I searched through the alder thickets about the "slew" and out into the timber.

Not a trace of her could I find anywhere, and I began to think they had carried her off instead of murdering her. I feared that one or two of them had hurried her away, while the other three had come to attack the schoolhouse.

I came back into the road and started to run to Mr. Eastman's, to give the alarm. But just then I heard some one calling to me, and looking round, saw Charley coming from the schoolhouse as fast as he could run.

"Lettie's found! We've found Lettie!" he cried.

I could have shouted for joy! I hardly thought of poor Mr. Fifield at all. Charley and Clint had found Lettie in the timber, four or five rods from the old stub where I had first seen the Indian. The red skins had tied her to a little ironwood tree. She had cried out to the boys on hearing their voices, and they had found her.

As she was coming along to school, past the "slew," an Indian jumped out of the alders and seized her, and, before she had time to scream, he put one of his big hands over her face, while two other savages tied her arms. They then took her along with them, through the wood, nearly to the schoolhouse.

All three of these red-skins spoke broken English, Lettie said. When they had tied her to the little ironwood, they told her they would tomahawk her if she cried out or made the least noise. Of course she was frightened nearly to death.

But she was safe now; and had it not been for poor Mr. Fifield's indiscretion in exposing himself, none of us would have been any the worse for that attack on the schoolhouse. I couldn't help thinking, and cannot yet, that Mr. Fifield's death may have been owing to my having vexed him by looking out to see what had become of Lettie.

In general, the costumes for morning wear, for traveling and for the sea-side assume a more and more masculine appearance. The jackets open over vests, the latter call to their aid the jabot, and finish with the cravat. Attired in one or these three costumes, ladies look as if ready to mount on horseback. The hand only lacks the whip, and seems mortified at being obliged to hold an umbrella or parasol instead. As to vests, it may as well be said that they are worn with all dresses, inasmuch as the morning and traveling costumes have their vests, quite as well as full toilets for dinners, receptions, and balls.

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JOHN WHALEN,

STANLEY'S SITTING BULL.

THE SCENE THAT SCARED HUNTER LEY "NEARLY TO DEATH."

A Mountain of Flame--A Display of Savage Mimicry for the Benefit of the Young and Talented Editor.

The following is about the liveliest section of Stanley Hunter's report of his recent visit to Sitting Bull and his people:

It was about noon when the Sioux appeared on the ridge north of the camp. As they stood there outlined against the sky they looked more than dangerous. The very air trembled with their yell, responded to by the buck, who had massed in the lower camp. The half-breeds began driving their horses into the corral, for the Indians were getting excited and things looked ominously. Mothers counted up their children and hurried through to the lodges, and the young girls were carefully stored out of harm's reach. For a few moments the yell from the hill-top ceased. Suddenly there came a wild, unearthly shriek, and down the sides of the hill the horses of the Little Big Horn poured in a resistless stream. The half-breeds were paralyzed, not with fear, but with admiration. A more magnificent and grander sight never startled human eyes. As the column rushed down, changing here and there, as their horses were quick and slow, they turned the valley into a kaleidoscope, the colors shifting swiftly into a thousand uncouth forms, barbarous but beautiful. The horses were covered with foam and urged to their utmost. Without warning the whole column turned into flames, and the mountain shook with the roar and crash of their arms. The brilliant colors flashed through the smoke, and the cloud of dust to and from the ground caused by the hurrying hoofs was broken and scattered by the fire that poured from the rifle-barrels.

The head of the column rested on the border of the camp, and, turning, absolutely swept around it until it was completely environed, and then a shriek rose which froze more than that which had crowned the hill. Rifle balls screamed and whistled through the camp. The Indians were firing just high enough to cease hitting those within, and just enough to startle those whom they passed. The horses in the corral had become thoroughly filled with fright. A little girl had been

TRAMPLED DOWN AND KILLED

The curses of the half-breeds, who were vainly endeavoring to stop the firing, mingled with the moans of the frightened women and bellowing of the horses. Tearing down hill came two warriors. They exasperated with the young men, but in vain. Wrought up to a pitch of frenzy the bucks circled around the camp in a sort of a devil's dance, and faster and fasterly the bullets. No man's life is safe. Nothing can be done. The half-breeds are completely surrounded. The chiefs have lost all influence over the soldiers. Where it will end no one can tell. I felt a hand on my shoulder, and I am pressed to the ground. As I turn I see that my captor is a man in middle life, I should say, and he took a seat beside me on the grass. Not a word was spoken. There is an anxious look in this face, as he glances around on the fierce band that surrounds us and listens to the yell of the missiles. He motions to some of his young men, who were standing near, and they take their position, completely enveloping the Indian and myself. What all this may portend is not explained to me, but I remember that I am not to notice anything that is going on around me, and I look

STRAIGHT UP IN THE SKY,

and I wonder what makes such a funny running in my ear, and such swelling in my throat. There is a peculiar tingling, too, all over my skin, and I seem to shrink up. One bell flashes past a little closer than the rest, darts over my head, and buries itself in the cart behind. The Indian peers through the smoke as if to see who fired it, and then rising places him self between me and the quarter from which the bullet came. Slowly now the firing ceases, and at length the guns are quiet. The warriors form a line, not studied, and fire more gracefully than any organized rank could do, and commence their march. They move around the camp two or three times and then march through the center. As they come the Indian who has captured me moves to my side and sits close to me. The ring his young men have made around me contracts, and they draw closer in as the line moves past. I see many a furtive glance cast in my direction, but no looks of hatred, though I cannot understand the disposition not to look fixedly at me, as they looked before. Slowly the procession passes on, gaudy, brilliant, savage, grand. Across the camp it moves and turns again at the outer post and the place it had abandoned. There is a sort of

MURMUR OF APPLAUSE

and I see the children of the band coming. There are two, a boy and a girl, on each pony, and the ponies and the children are dressed in green boughs, and each child carries a green branch. In all this display of savagery there is at least something innocent. The children are singing some kind of a chant, and their voices strike the air with a sharp contrast to the yelling bulls that announced their coming. Behind them comes an Indian riding alone. Upon his head is an immense war-bonnet, made of eagles feathers, the steamers falling in showers on his horse's back. The children are his staff, but there appears to be something incongruous in the situation. Somehow the children and their decorations do not gibe with the war-bonnet.

"That is Sitting Bull," croaks a voice beside me. It is the first time my captor has spoken, and he spoke in time, for I should not have recognized Bull in his head-dress. To my surprise my captor rises, speaks to the young persons, who follow him, and I am left alone.

"Were you frightened?" asked the in-

terpreter, coming up as the Indians left.

"Pretty nearly to death."

Then follows an account of the interview with Sitting Bull and other chiefs and warriors, giving a full statement of the situation as looked upon from their standpoint,—which is that they have never desired war with the whites, and have only acted on the defensive. But they declare that they will not tolerate the idea of going on a reservation and supporting themselves by tilling the soil. They despise the life of a farmer, involving as it does, they say, the cutting of their hair and the wearing of pantaloons, and are in no humor to come to any terms which shall restrict their privilege to carry guns and to hunt when and where they please. Sitting Bull said that he hated the Americans because they had lied to him and taken his hunting-grounds from him; that he would return to British soil at the end of the hunting season, but said that any attempt to force him back sooner would result in a war, in which the old savage was certain, the whites would be worsted.

RIVER NEWS.

The Big Horn passed Keogh on the 11th, on her way to this place from Fort Custer. She will load here and return to Keogh on Sunday.

The Rose Bird arrived at Buford on the 11th from Fort Peck, at which place she has been engaged crossing General Miles' command to the north bank of the Missouri.

The Far West left for Benton with 315 tons and thirty-eight cabin passengers. On her down trip she brought to Bismarck 100 head of Montana sheep, the first that have ever been transported down the Missouri.

The Josephine passed Buford on the 11th, and will be found at the landing loading for Fort Benton. She takes her departure Sunday, 13th. The Josephine brought to Bismarck a fine lot of Montana cattle, consigned to Hallett & Keating.

The Batchelor arrived from the Yellowstone on Wednesday. She loaded and left for Keogh last night. Her officers report the Custer in hawk at Keogh. The Batchelor, from the mouth of the Big Horn to Bismarck, made the fastest time ever recorded,—51 hours and 35 minutes.

The Josephine met the Helena below Carroll on the 8th; the Dakota on the 9th early, at Tower Point, making splendid time; the MacLeod at Cleggett, on the 9th; the Far West yesterday, above the Little Missouri; the Batchelor at lower Knife River and the Rucker at old Fort Clark.

The Dakota arrived at Fort Benton yesterday, eight and one-half days, from Bismarck, with 515 tons of freight and 106 cabin passengers. She will leave Fort Benton on the 10th with 224 head of cattle. On her arrival here she will load for a return trip to Fort Benton. The Red Cloud is not at the landing, having returned from Benton Wednesday.

The Montana was temporarily repaired and left here on Friday morning for Yankton with 5,500 telegraph poles for Fort Bennett, and 500 poles for Fort Yates. She had twenty-five cabin passengers, among them Commodore Coulter, who was here as guest of Capt. Maratta. The Montana will be taken to St. Louis where she will be docked, a new cabin put on her, which will be fitted up in grand style, so when she next visits us she will present that same noble appearance as of old.

The steamer Carrier touched on the levee Sunday on her way to St. Louis. The captain expressed himself a much disgusted with boating on the upper Missouri. It has not been a good season for wild boats. The regular lines running from this city, Yankton and Bismarck have, I understand, no reason to complain of the season's business, but steamers depending on such freight as they can catch without headquarters advertising, or regular trips, cannot compete with lines having every appliance for securing freight and for carrying it cheaply.—*Sioux City Journal*, 8th.

LOG OF STEAMER BACHELOR.

Left Junction City at 8 a. m., July 7th, and mouth of Big Horn 5:15 a. m., arrived at Keogh 12:50 p. m.; lost two hours here loading; arrived at Miles City at 3 p. m.; remained here three quarters of an hour and ran to a little above Stodake, lay by two hours waiting for moon to rise; arrived at Buford 7:40 a. m., and left for Bismarck at 11:40 a. m., July 8th; passed by Knife River 7:30 p. m. and Stevenson at 2 a. m., July 9th; arrived at Bismarck 8:30 a. m., July 9th. Time from Junction City, Montana, to Bismarck 33 hours and 50 minutes. We, the undersigned passengers on the Ste. F. Y. Bachelor, certify that the above log is correct.

A. G. Brackett,
Col. Third U. S. Cavalry;
D. W. Scott, 1st Lt. 1st Inf.
Major, 5th Inf.;
E. C. Gilmore, Capt. 18th Inf.;
O. B. Read, Capt. 11th Inf.;
Fred F. Kieslingberry, 11th Infantry;
R. K. Shervin, R. K. Shervin;

Actual running time, stoppages deducted, 43 hours, and running time from Sherman 41 hours and 45 minutes.

LOG OF STEAMER JOSEPHINE.

At a meeting of the passengers of the steamer Josephine, held on the afternoon of the 5th of July, 1870, the following resolution was submitted and adopted unanimously and with great cordiality:

"Resolved—That we hereby express to Capt. Woolfolk and the other officers of the steamer Josephine our high appreciation of the uniform courtesy and kindness exhibited by them to all the passengers during the entire trip from Bismarck to Fort Benton. Their eminently gallant bearing, their thorough efficiency as officers have rendered the trip not only safe but most enjoyable. We assure them that the memory of our intercourse with them will often be recalled and always with pleasure and gratitude."

The officers are: C. P. Woolfolk, captain and pilot; W. J. Anderson, pilot; E. K. Lathrop, clerk; B. W. Childs, mate; J. B. McCreary, engineer; John Baker, second engineer.

Signed
WALTER SCOTT,
President;
GEO. J. BORSON,
Secretary.

W. H. W. COMER.

Proprietor

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He jumped on board the railway train, And cried: "Farewell! Luncinda Jane, My precious, sweet Luncinda!" Alas! how soon he changed his cry, And, while the tear stood in his eye, He said: "Confound Loose Cinder!"

THE POULTRY SHOW.

They were two forlorn chickens that landed at the foot of the garden, where the river ran, fast wedged in a cake of ice, with hardly any feathers, and with both feet frozen. Marcia took them in and wrapped their poor claws in oil and wool, and fed them in a basket, and gave them the air on fine days by walking abroad with the basket on her arm, till, as she went by, the neighbors were wont to speak of her as the poultry show.

But Marcia was sublimely indifferent to neighbors considering that they existed only for the purpose of "borrowing" and being much more fond of dumb animals than humanity, going about half the time followed by her pets—a bird in her hair, a parrot on her finger, cats purring round her feet, and dogs bounding in her path. She heartily agreed with somebody who says a dog is a perpetual baby in the house, never growing up and never telling tales. Of course her brothers and her superior sisters, and all her cousins and their confidential friends, thought Marcia's last fancy was the worst of all. "Those ridiculous chickens," was becoming a family watch-word. But their condition on that cake of ice, as they floated farther and farther away from the barn-yard that was home, rather touched Marcia's heart, and she would have given them her own breakfast, and would have gone without every day herself, rather than not have fed them. Although the means at home were limited, still they were not so much so that the chickens needed to go unfed; but the fact of Marcia's temper getting fired early in the affair, although she said nothing, determined her to make those chickens pay for what they had; and when one day, she brought in a dozen great pearl eggs and laid them in triumph on her mother's lap, she felt that she had said a great deal.

But, those eggs bestowed, she allowed her mother no more. Great ideas had entered her head. She came home one day from a long walk with a black Spaniard in her arms, for which she had contracted a debt to be paid in her Houdin eggs. When, some six weeks afterward, a dozen curious little gallinaceous specimens were running about the yard, Marcia watched them with intense curiosity, and for weeks, if not months, to come, seemed to be holding her breath. Not an egg of her Houdin hens, however, did she allow to be taken for pudding or cake: one basketful of them went to buying a pair of young brown Leghorns, another basketful was found to have purchasing power equal to securing a pair of white pantans, and then the Houdin, whose inclinations had been seriously tampered with, insisted upon raising family of her own. But Marcia felt well equipped, and she added only some patience to her stock in trade just then. At four months old her brown Leghorn pullet laid an egg, and on that same day she brought one of her twelve chickens into the house in a rapture—it was a black chicken with a huge white top-knot.

"My fortune's made!" said Marcia. "There are no fowl like these in all this part of the country. It's a black Poland. I read about them in the library book."

"I declare, Marcia," moaned her mother, "I believe you're insane about these miserable birds. You have no time or thought for any thing else. And here is all your music going to waste."

"How many years have I been taking lessons, mamma?"

"How many years? Ever since you were born, I was going to say."

"And I can't play a page without my notes, nor then so that the composer wouldn't run away if he heard me. So what is the use? Now I have found just what I'm fit for. If I only had some sort of carpenter's skill—"

"Well, I should like to know what you want that for taking care of hens," said Bessie.

"I should think it would be of about much use as embroidery," said Emily.

"Marcia always was so impractical!" sighed her mother.

"What is it you want to do, Marcia?" asked Philip—Tom's classmate, who spent half his time at the place.

"Just to make boxes and roosts and hutches for my hens, so as to keep them wholesome and happy, you know."

"Wholesome and happy?" said her mother.

"Why, yes, mamma," said Bessie. "I should think there was really sense in that, if there is any sense in having the things at all. If their water is clean, they'll drink more, and if everything is to their hen-mind, of course they'll lay more."

"What absurdity, Bess!"

"No, indeed, mama," exclaimed Marcia impetuously. "You don't know how human they are. You see the lords and masters fighting for supremacy; see the hens all picking on the one that has an infirmity; see the old-maid aunts—"

"The what?"

"Really, now, you remember those two common sitting hens I bought to hatch out some of the top-knot eggs? And one brought out a brood, and the other lost all hers? Well, the one that lost hers tries with all her might to be mother to the other hen's chickens. She scratches for them and clucks to them all day long, gives them the morsel instead of taking it herself, will get them under her wings when the real mother isn't looking, and the real mother doesn't seem to care at all; and at night, evidently feeling dreadfully because they will go under their mother's wings, then in the barrel, instead of going to roost with the other hens. Now isn't that just like an

old-maid aunt and the idle, indifferent mama who lies on the sofa and reads novels, and lets her sister take care of the babies?"

"I never heard such talk, Marcia, nor saw a person with such low tastes. I can't conceive where you got them."

"Why, mamma," said Bess, "if the Lord could make chickens, I should think Marcia might watch them."

"It's first-rate," said Phil. "What else do they do, March?"

"Everything that human beings do. They are jealous of each other, like Mormon wives. Those that are not favorites sometimes go to roost in the middle of the afternoon, so as to secure the place they want next their husband; and he goes picking round with his favorite till bed-time, and then flies up and knocks the others out of the way to make room for her. What do you think of that?"

"Oh, pshaw!"

"It's true. And I'll tell you something more. He thinks he knows how to lay an egg better than the hen does. And if there's a hen that's dilatory, he makes a nest for her, and gets into it, and literally tries to show her how. Isn't that human? Those husbands that know every thing— Oh, it's as good as a play!"

"I should think so."

"And then the first crowing of a little young rooster, and the strutting afterward—it's so exactly like the first long coat of a boy, and the strutting after that—"

"Marcia, I am ashamed of you," said her mother, "I must beg to hear no more such conversation."

"Now, Mrs. Thurston," said Phil, "I'm sure I saw you laughing. And as for me, I'm going to make those boxes with March. I'm just as good a carpenter as Noah."

And so Phil went down the garden with Marcia, and there were days upon days of hammering and sawing and fitting; and Tom was going about full of mischief, and Emily had her sewing under the apple-tree nearby, and Bessie came down to bring a freshly baked tart or some hot gingerbread.

"And I'm sure it's just like picnicking," said Marcia. "You ought to be obliged to me for making such a pleasant occasion. And I'm awfully sorry that we're almost through." And as she uttered the last sentence, Philip, happening to glance down at her in that moment from the ladder where he was standing, her face suddenly flamed up as if a torch had been held before it, and she turned and hid its color over a box of old nails that she and Tom—an age ago that seemed now—had taken at school in exchange for pins, meaning to sell them to the junk-man, but diverted from their purpose by one of Mrs. Thurston's methods of persuasion.

"Mamma always was the enemy of enterprise," said Tom, when they found the box. "I suppose its the oil of birch that has kept these nails from getting rusty."

But as soon as Marcia could slip away from all that merry racket she flew down to the foot of the orchard, and cast herself into the deep grass there in the shadow, and cried to break her heart. That one glance in Philip's face, that swift instant, had served to turn the whole earth on a pivot to an other issue of life. It had, indeed, held up a torch before her, and now she knew that she loved Phillip Masters, and she knew that he loved Bessie, and the world was one dead blank.

The hens were not fed that night, and nobody carried the eggs in; it was only when the moon set that her skirts dripping with dew, Marcia stole in herself, with her dogs, and crept away to bed.

It was a long fight that Marcia had with her heart on that September night. She rose early in the morning, and gave the hens into Bridget's charge, looked into her mother's room, and told her she was going to see Aunt Brown; and as that good lady, now that she could no longer whip her children, generally allowed them their way, no objection was made: and Marcia found herself, after a couple of hours, in the arms of her old counsellor and friend, to whom, albeit, she never breathed a word of her trouble. A day of Aunt Brown, Marcia used to say, set her up in virtue for half a year, and now she took seven of them. "Seven days' counsel with an old angel ought to make an angel of me. But nothing will ever do that."

Yet when she went home there was something different in Marcia's face from anything that had ever been there before; and if nobody paid enough heed to observe it, nevertheless the fact was true that the hoyden girl had vanished, and a grave and active woman had taken her place—a woman who never allowed herself to be still long enough to think. She asked for no more dresses; she never put a ribbon near her; she brushed her kink out of her hair as well as she could, and said to herself that it was of no use for her to try and look anything but a fright, with one eye hunting up the other way hers was—an allusion to a slight cast in her eye that was not at all unbecoming on the whole; of course nobody would think of falling in love with a Cyclops, and of course nobody could help loving such a rose and lily piece as Bess. She was sure, she thought, she was glad that Bess was happy; but, for all that, she cried sadly about it. Yet after any of these secret crying spells she fought her battle with herself all the more furiously; and although it wrung her heart, she would insist upon talking about Philip, and suffer Bessie to sing his praises on every occasion that offered, in fear and trembling all the while lest voice or face surrendered, and took all his small kindnesses as a matter of course!

The winter wore away at last, and Marcia might have felt her trouble in their behalf, her self-denial, and the money, or rather the eggs, that she had spent, all re-

paid in the glossy look of her hens, with their red combs and their nests full of eggs. Those who are in search of anything can always find it, and she had secured, in one way and another, eggs of the choicest breeds, the hatchings had all turned out well, and the result was a great flock of some of the finest-looking birds in the country, among which a troop of black Polanders went about shaking their full white crests, and hardly able to see out of their eyes. "I'm sure they're fine," said Marcia. "And as I am never going to marry, and shall have to earn my living in some way, I'll earn it this way." And she then announced that she was going to contribute to the poultry show in the city, and waited for some opposition.

But they had done with opposing Marcia, in the matter of hens, in that house. "They treat me with the silent contempt I deserve," she said lightly. But she bribed Tom to help her manufacture a set of coops, bribed him with a promise that Bessie should make him a box of cookies to take away with him; for he had begun his study of medicine, while Phil, who thought the learned professions already full, was looking in vain for something to do in which to start himself in life.

"Poor fellow!" thought Marcia over and over again, if he only could get something to do, then the engagement could be announced, and by-and-by they could be married." It seemed as though she herself would be easier when it was all over. But there was no prospect of it, and Phil's outlook was dark enough at present. She meant to ask him, at some favorable time, why he didn't go out to Colorado, and, after he had made a home there, send for Bessie. She fancied that, after all, the best thing for her would be not to be obliged to witness their happiness at last.

But when Marcia had emptied the better part of her henry into the great

poultry show, she felt it necessary to go and look after her interests there, and she sold enough of the common stock left at home to pay the expenses of herself and Bessie in the city. Her mother burst in to tears with the thought of the vulgar

pursuits of her daughter; and they left

Emily first wiping her mother's eyes and then making her an eggnogg from the proceeds of the vulgarity.

It was a fine thing, that show, as Marcia said, trusting Bessie could make out what she said in the riot of the chanteclers, each rivalling his unseen opponent.

"Just hear the rumpus those roosters keep up!" she cried. And what with the cackling of the geese, the quacking of the ducks, the gobbling of the turkeys,

the clatter of the guinea-fowl, the cooing

of the pigeons, and the screams of the peacocks, the rumpus was that of Pandemonium itself.

But, except for the unsightly coops, it was rather a beautiful Pandemonium—the Hugh Brahmas with

their fluff of snowy feathers like so many

arctic owls, the jet and shinning Crevecoeurs, the silver-spangled Hamburgs

fine as silk-clad court ladies, the Cuckoos

with the gloss of dark green enamel

on the blackness of their plumes, the superb

Red Game, the crested, ruffed, and bearded

Sultans, and the little Bantams more

important than the whole.

Marcia felt all the glory of a connoisseur and the wealth of a producer, as she moved

through the place, and recognized her own, and listened to the clarion call about her.

She found a seat for Bessie at last, and then went to see the secretary.

"Phil will be sure to be here," she said to herself, "so long as he knew Bess was coming.

He'll find her, and keep her from being lonely."

As she came back with a radiant face after a half hour's interview, she saw that her prophecy was fulfilled—

Phil was there sitting Bessie, their heads

close together, their backs toward her.

Meaning to be as merry as she could, she started to put her face close down between theirs in order to tell her news,

and so it came about that she heard Phil saying,

"Ah, it I only had some sort of business, so that could speak without

disgracing myself!"

"Speak away, Phil," answered Bessy,

putting Marcia in mind of Priscilla and John Alden, in spite of herself.

Then the little hen-women drew back,

and waited half a minute before she touched them on the shoulders.

"Come with me, Phil," she said; and led him

down to the lower corner of the hall, where,

the peacocks having rested from their screaming, it was a trifle less noisy than anywhere else.

"I heard what you said, Phil," she contrived to say directly,

"and I have a proposition to make to you.

"See here"—as he turned to her with a stare of utter amazement in his handsome eyes.

"Look at this list of premiums

"I've taken twenty. And every one of

my birds are sold, some at ten and some at

at fifteen dollars a pair, just as the secre-

tary chose. What do you think of that

for wealth?" she cried, gayly.

"My receipts and my orders from this poultry

show will be only a little less than one

thousand dollars. Now, Phil—you're

listening?—if you don't feel ashamed of

it (and I'm sure you won't, if you really

want to marry dear Bessie), I propose to

sell out my hen business to you. You

can double it; you're a man, and can do

twice as well as I could; and you can

have anyway, in spite of accidents, a good

income of fifteen hundred or two thou-

sand dollars a year, with everybody buy-

ing your rare breeds and coming after

your choice eggs, you know. And you

can pay me in the course of your life, and

you can marry Bess to-morrow."

Then there was silence a moment,

while she looked at the gorgeous illumina-

tion of the azure on the peacock's breast,

and trembled all the while lest voice or face

surrendered, and took all his small kind-

nesses as a matter of course!

"Marcia," said he, presently, getting

hold of her hand, somehow, "you are cer-

tainly the most ineffable little goose in

this hall. What in the world do you

suppose I want to marry Bess for? It's

rather the eggs, that she had spent, all re-

NOT YET.

Not yet, O friend! not yet;
The patient stars
Lean from their lattices, content to wait.
All this illusion till the morning bars
Slip from the levels of the Eastern gate.
Night is too young, O friend! day is too near;
Wait for the day that maketh all things clear—
Not yet, O friend! not yet;

* Not yet, O friend! not yet;
All is not true;
All is not ever as it seemeth now;
Soon shall the river take another blue,
Soon dies yon light upon the mountain brow
What lieth dark, O love! bright day will fill;
Wait for thy morning, be it good or ill—
Not yet, O love! not yet.—*Bert Harte.*

TEN GREAT GALS.

At the age of sixteen, before we shed our "roundabout," we contracted to "keep school" in District No. 5 for \$12 per month and "boarding 'round." We knew very well the little red school-house, standing at the exact centre of the district, on the borders of a mighty swamp, the farm-houses scattered about the hills. And we also knew the chronic nuisance of that particular school; a squad of half-a-dozen rough fellows who had emerged into "tall coats" and would hardly relish the discipline of a boy pedagogue in a roundabout. After the first flash of elation of our election, the chilling reflection came back, like a return-wave of ice-water, that, in all human probability, ere our seventeenth birthday, should dawn, we should be seen vanishing head foremost, out of the school-house window into a big snow drift, propelled by class No. 1 of big boys.

In our anxiety we applied to Aunt Anna, the general oracle of the household. Aunt Anna was a stalwart maiden of sixty summers, gigantic in proportions, but every inch a lady in her dear old heart. She had nursed half the children in town through the measles, mumps, and chicken-pox, and was the main stay in all family emergencies. There were sly rumors that the occasional attack of "fidgets," which overcame the good old lady at night, had some relation to a mysterious black bottle which she always carried in her work-bag; but Aunt Anna, plus "the fidgets," was worth a regiment of ordinary feminines for all the home-made uses of country life.

"Well, now, you are really going to keep school in District No. 5," said Aunt Anna, smoothing down her big-cheeked apron, and raising her spectacles for a good long look at the incipient pedagogue, seated at the opposite corner of the fire-place. "Yea, Aunt Anna, I have promised to keep that school; but between you and me, I am dreadfully afraid to tackle that crowd of boys. You know what a rough set they are, and one of them has already 'given' out that there will be no more board wanted in district No. 5 after the first week." That's a serious matter; now let's see if we can't think of something to help you. Now you see I don't know anything about book-learnin'. No doubt you can cipher that back seat of boys into the middle of next week. But they can fling you over the roof of the school-house in a jiffy, if they have a mind to. I know every family in that district. I've nussed in every house, and taken the measure of every youngster that will come to that school. There's one thing in your favor, there'll be ten great gals in that school, and most of 'em are good gals, too. Now, some of them gals are a head taller than you, and two or three of them are right handsome, too. They can twist that crowd of great bashful boys round their little finger if they want to. Now, mind what I tell you; do you go right to work and gain the affections of them ten great gals, and they'll manage the great boys, while you keep the school.

That sounded well; and armed with this panacea against rebellion, we opened school the Monday after Thanksgiving. It was a rough-looking set up on the high seats—that row of villainous-looking fellows, either of them big enough to throw us over into the big swamp with one hand! Happily, our first boarding place was the home of two of the "great gals." Never did we "lay ourselves out" to gain the good graces of the lovely sex as during the first week of that boarding 'round. We rode on the front of the sled with the tallest girl—played checkers with the second, got all snarled up in a "cat's cradle" with the pretty visiting cousin, and put in a word of explanation for the "hard sums" of all, in the long evening at home.

The first crisis came at the beginning of the second week, when a big lout "sauced" the new school-master. Somehow, it crushed us, and for a minute the school room swam round, and the idea of seizing our fur cap and making for home flitted across our vision. Just then the patter of a light footstep was heard down the long slope of the narrow aisle leading up to the seat of the "ten great gals." The tallest glided down, ostensibly to ask the explanation of a hard sum; but, as we leaned over the slate with a dimness in the eyes, we heard a low whisper in our ear. "Don't be cast down; we girls will shame that seat of boys into good manners before another week." A light broke in; we were gaining the "affections of ten great gals."

So things drifted for ten weeks, when dawned the judgment day. We had gone to board with a good, motherly woman, who loved us as her own son. A big fire in the parlor greeted our arrival, and a supper fit for the parson himself. After tea, our hostess appeared in her best black silk, in her hand a mighty oak "ruler," and sat down before us with the air of Minerva. "Now, matters are coming to a point in your school; you have been trying to govern that crowd of rascally boys by love, but that has come to an end. To-morrow they'll try to put you out. Take this ruler, and don't come home to me to-morrow night unless you have used it up over the head and shoulders of somebody." There was no

appeal for that. A greater than the whole class of "great gals" had spoken, and we felt in our soul that fate was standing at the school-house door.

We were endowed with the epic rage of a Homer or a Pope, we might possibly depict the scenes of the coming day. How the ugliest loafer in a frock coat, seated in the door at recess; how when the trembling young master asked, "Who had done that?" the big boor lifted his thumb to his nose, and executed that significant gyration with his little finger which would make a savage of St. John himself; how, fired with the courage of despair and a vision of our farm-house Minerva, we seized the big oak ruler, rushed up the inclined plane, upsetting several small children on the way, plunged at the throat of the insolent scoundrel, tore off the collar of his frock-coat, snaked him down the area before the fireplace, and beat him over the head and shoulders till he roared for mercy; how at intervals he cast a glance up at his accomplices and took in the situation; the "ten great gals" had spiked the guns of all but this wretch, who slunk and begged under our hands; how we wound up with an eloquent address, and gave the whipped ruffian his hat with instructions to go home, how his sensible father took off what remained of his dilapidated frock-coat and trounced him till he yelled again, and sent him to school on the following day with a compliment to the plucky young master; all this might be sung in heroic verse.

But, if the truth were known, it was not we, but the "ten great gals" that did the business. They had so demoralized the attacking column by the magic of their charms, that only one had the heart to defy the little master, and he dared not lift his hand when the day of battle came. And from that day we crowned dear old Aunt Anna prophetess of love. Gain the affections of the "ten great gals" in your school-room, "and all things shall work together for good."

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

The other day a man died so suddenly that the body was almost cold before his distracted and grief-stricken relatives found the will.

A prettily-dressed little girl fell on a muddy street-crossing, the other day, and a gentleman hastened to her assistance. After cleaning off her clothes, he asked her if he shouldn't escort her home. "No thir," answered the dignified little damsel; "if you please, we ain't been introduced."

"Professor," said the cheeky soph, "is there any danger of disturbing the magnetic currents if I examine that compass too closely?" And the stern professor, loving his little joke, promptly responded, "No, sir; brass has no effect whatever on them;" thereby scoring three against the unsuspecting man of cribs.

"Do you really believe that an ass ever spoke to Balaam?" queried a man who prided himself upon his intellect. Coleridge, to whom the question was put, reflected very calmly for a few moments, and then responded: "My friend I have no doubt whatever that the story is true. I have been spoken to in the same way myself."

"A wasp's nest has 15,000 cells," and the greatest of these "cells" is to sit down on the nest under the mistaken impression that all the wasps have gone to the seaside or somewhere else on a visit. A single wasp, loafing in the back kitchen, will give the sitter a warm reception. And no doubt a married one would treat him in the same manner.—*Exchange.*

The manager had invited his friend to call round and see some of the wondrous attractions he had collected for the season's tenting tour, specifying in particular a giant as big as a house and twice as human. "I say, old fel," says the friend, after a careful inspection, "I don't want to cast a gloom over your entire community, but I don't think your giant is quite up to the representations in the small bills." "Well," says the manager, "he is a little off. I didn't think he seemed quite up to himself to-night."

This from Eli Perkins: "I knew a man once—Jake Mason—who went to a donation where six farmers were to contribute a jug of milk apiece. Well, one man, a very mean man, thought it would not make any difference if he contributed water in place of milk; so he filled up a jug with water and took it to the donation. When he got there, he turned it over the bung, and it run into a barrel where all the other farmers had poured their milk. Now, what do you think was the result? Why, every one of the six farmers happened to be as mean as Jake Mason. They all brought water."

Benjamin Singerly, once the State printer at Harrisburg, Pa., and who lived most of his life at Pittsburgh, where he died, departed this life by sunstroke in the hot July of 1876. He left \$200,000, and weighed 400 pounds; the body after death lacked only seven pounds of that enormous weight. The body was buried in Allegheny cemetery, at Pittsburgh. Three weeks ago, workmen were set to work to exhume it, for reinterment in Philadelphia. It was next to impossible to lift the coffin out of the stone box in which it, and rough box covering it, had been buried. It was finally lifted out, and the body taken from the coffin. It had turned to a substance resembling yellow marble; a complete petrifaction—the features, like everything else, remained unchanged. It was weighed, and found to weigh 925 pounds! Even the dress suit in which the body had been buried was also turned to stone, or into some substance much like it. The coffin in which the body was sent to Philadelphia was seven feet six inches long and three feet wide—about the size of the original one, and that had made it necessary at the funeral in 1876, to have the slides and sides of the largest hearse in Pittsburgh removed, in order to get it in.

A Birds' Wing Merchant.

One of the customers of this curious coffee seller I must speak of, since I noted his bundle and inquired the cause of his wearing a feather in his sombrero. Seeing at a glance, that I was a stranger, he became, perhaps, more polite and communicative than he otherwise would be.

"Yes, sir; I wear this feather because it is the symbol of my trade, and this bundle, too, contains feathers that you speak of as giving an odor. And, sir, I am proud of my calling. Do you know that the martyr King Louis XIV. delighted in slaughtering swallows, and killed as many as two hundred in a single day? But I kill them not. I only tear off their wings!"

"What, tear them off the live bird?" I replied in horror.

"Yes, sir; that is the only way to preserve their luster in the hats of the fair and fashionable ones."

"But how do you catch the live swallows?"

"Fish for them, sir!"

I began to be incredulous, but the pale coffee-sipper at once relieves my doubts, and tells me that he sets a series of fine silk threads pendant from poles in the quarries of Arcueil and Gentilly, and to the ends of those threads are attached flies fluttering in the air. The swallows, in their rapid flight, overlook the artificial nature of these snakes, and swallow the bait, when they are speedily caught and devoured at once of their wings. Sometimes, when the weather is warm and stormy, and the swallows fly low as many as three hundred are caught per day in this way and cruelly mutilated, this explains what I have more than once noticed in the suburbs of Paris, the writhing body of a wingless bird. I could not help suggesting to him "tearer of wings," that he might at once relieve the poor birds of their agonizing pain by killing them outright, after plucking their pinions.

VEGETINE FOR DROPSY.

I never shall

Forget the first Dose.**VEGETINE**

PROVIDENCE.

Mr. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—I have been a great sufferer from dropsy. I was confined to my house more than a year. Six months of that time I was entirely helpless. I was obliged to have two men help me in and out of bed. I was swollen 19 inches larger than my natural size around my waist. I suffered all a man could and live. I tried all remedies for Dropsy. I had three different doctors. My friends all expected I would die: many nights I was expected to die before morning. At last Vegetine was sent me by a friend. I never shall forget the first dose. I could realize its good effects from day to day; I was getting better. After I had taken some 5 or 6 bottles I could sleep quite well nights. I began to gain now quite fast. After taking some 10 bottles I could walk from one part of my room to the other. My appetite was good; the dropsy had at this time disappeared. I kept taking the Vegetine until I regained my usual health. I heard of a great many cures by using Vegetine after I got out and was able to attend to my work. I am carpenter and builder I will also say it has cured an aunt of my wife's of Neuralgia, who had suffered for more than 20 years. She says she has not had any Neuralgia for eight months. I have given it to one of my children for Canker Humor. I have no doubt in my mind it will cure any humor; it is a great cleanser of the blood; it is safe to give a child. I will recommend it to the world. My father is 80 years old, and he says there is nothing like it to give strength and life to an aged person. I cannot be too thankful for the use of it. I am.

Very gratefully yours,

JOHN NOTTAGE.

All Diseases of the Blood. If Vegetine will relieve pain; cleanse, purify, and cure such diseases, restoring the patient to perfect health after trying different physicians, many remedies and suffering for years, is it not conclusive proof, if you are a sufferer you can be cured? Why is the medicine performing such great cures? It works in the blood, in the circulating fluid. It can truly be called the Great Blood Purifier, the great source of disease originates in the blood; and no medicine that does not act directly upon it to purify and renovate, has any just claim on public attention.

VEGETINE I OWE MY HEALTH TO YOUR VALUABLE VEGETINE

NEWPORT, KY., Apr. 29, 1877.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—Having suffered from a breaking out of *Cankerous Sores* for more than five years, caused by an accident of a fractured bone, which fracture ran into a running sore, and having used every thing that I could think of and nothing helped me, until I had taken six bottles of your valuable medicine which Mr. Miller, the apothecary recommended very highly. The sixth bottle cured me, and all I can say, is that I owe my health to your valuable Vegetine.

Your most obedient servant,

ALBERT VON ROEDER.

"It is unnecessary for me to enumerate the diseases for which the VEGETINE should be used. I know of no disease which will not admit of its use, with good results. Almost innumerable complaints are caused by poisonous secretions in the blood, which can be entirely expelled from the system by the use of the VEGETINE. When the blood is perfectly cleansed, the disease rapidly yields; all pains cease; healthy action is promptly restored, and the patient is cured."

Yours truly,

DR. H. R. STEVENS.

Dear Sir—I was seriously troubled with *Kidney Complaint* for a long time. I have consulted the best doctors in the city. I have used your VEGETINE for this disease, and it has cured me when the doctors failed to do so.

Yours truly,

ERNEST DURIGAN, Residence 621 Race St., Place of business, 573 Cent. Ave.

VEGETINE Prepared by

MR. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is sold by all Druggists.

BISMARCK BUSINESS DIRECTORY.**BANKS.****MERCHANTS BANK OF BISMARCK**

WALTER MANN, Pres. W. R. MERRILL, Vice Pres.

GEO. H. FAIRCHILD, Cashier.

Correspondents—American Exchange National

Bank, New York; Merchants National Bank, St. Paul.

BANK OF BISMARCK.

J. W. RAYMOND, Pres. W. B. BELL, Cash.

A general banking business transacted. Interest paid on time deposits. Collections promptly attended to.

Geo. P. FLANNERY. J. K. WETHERBY.

(City Attorney) & WETHERBY—Attorneys.

West Main Street.

PRESTON & WILLIAMS (D. O. Preston, E. A. Williams). Main Street.

ASLEY GRAY. A. D. PRATT.

RAY & PRATT—Conseffors at Law. Money to loan. Commercial paper bought.

74m. 115d.

D. AVIN STEWART—Attorney at Law

76m.

J. JOHN A. STOYELL, Attorney at Law.

Fourth street.

J. JOHN E. CARLAND, Attorney at Law, and County Attorney.

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

B. F. SLAUGHTER, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

And U. S. Examining Surgeon.

Office at Dunn's Drug Store.

Residence at Custer Hotel.

DOCTOR H. R. PORTER.

Office next to the Tribune Building.

Wm. A. BENTLEY.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office, Tribune block, up stairs, next door west of Post Office.

Calls left on the slate in the office promptly attended to.

50

A. T. BIGELOW, D. D. S.

DENTIST.

Office West End Main Street.

HOTELS.

Sheridan House,

H. H. BLY, Proprietor.

The largest and best Hotel in Dakota Territory.

CORNER MAIN AND FIFTH STREETS,

LOCAL LEVIES.

Made by "Tribune" Reporters in Their Rounds About the City.

Monday was a good day for the glazier. Charley Kupitz is driving a four-horse coach between Bismarck and Mandan.

The general court martial, Col. Huston presiding, was ordered to St. Paul to sit.

Don Stevenson sold \$3,000 worth of town lots when on his recent visit to Osakis.

Councilmen will please bear in mind that the council will meet Monday afternoon.

The council committee have ordered a 1,200 pound bell for the fire company of this city.

J. E. Wenzel is here with a car load of thoroughbred cattle for his ranch near Ft. Benton.

The steamer Far West brought down the first consignment of sheep ever landed at Bismarck.

H. S. Back and Mr. Eddy, of the first National Bank, are building large and handsome residences at Fargo.

Amos Cogswell, of Minnesota, has a large farm in Dakota, as well as President Hayes, Sherman Page and other noted characters.

The last of the three Indians sentenced to be hung at Fort Keogh on the 7th of July, foreclosed the execution by choking himself to death.

The wagon train of Galloway & McGarvey returned yesterday afternoon from Fort Meade, whither it has been with a large supply of government goods.

Father Chrysostom having been detained by the illness of Capt. McGarry could not fill his appointment at Jamestown, therefore service will be held as usual at the Catholic Church to-morrow.

The foolish man folded his hand and saith: "There is no trade, why should I advertise?" But the wise man is not so. Ho whoopeth it up in the newspaper and verily he draweth customers from afar off.

A report of company F's Fourth at Fort Lincoln came in too late for publication. The boys had a splendid time celebrating the glorious day, as the Fourth is always celebrated by your true American Citizen.

Last Saturday evening there was a washout at South Rapids and a general ditching of the N. P. train eastward bound. One man had several ribs broken. The Tuesday evening train due here got in about midnight.

The Benton Record says "nearly every steamer leaving this port takes away more or less cattle destined for Bismarck and other markets, and all the cattle driven into Choctaw county find ready sale at remunerative prices."

The Northwestern telegraph Co. have let the contract for the construction of a line west to the Yellowstone on the route of the N. P. Mr. J. M. Carnahan ought to be the general manager on the new line, and doubtless will be.

The Bismarck express office does more business than any office in Minnesota outside of St. Paul and Minneapolis. She does the express business of a town of twelve thousand people, and the telegraph business of a city of twenty-five thousand.

A Driving Park and Agricultural Association, with a capital stock of \$12,000, was organized at Fargo last Monday. Over half of the stock was taken at the first meeting. The Association will purchase land and build a race course immediately.

The Mandan Criterion says: "New potatoes and other vegetables are sent from the gardens around Mandan to Bismarck, and bring higher prices than vegetables that are raised in other parts of the country, which is pretty good proof that the soil west of the Missouri is superior to that on the east side."

Charley J. Clark died Monday morning and was buried Tuesday afternoon. He came to Bismarck two years ago, and subsequently filled the offices of city clerk and deputy county treasurer. His fatal disease was consumption. Mrs. Clark will return to England, where her parents in good circumstances reside.

Father Genin published in the New York Herald recently a manifesto from Sitting Bull. The Indian makes the old complaint against the white man's honesty and pleads for peace. Father Genin evidently wrote the communication, addressed to "all just and sensible citizens of the United States."

There is a rumor that Father Chrysostom contemplates leaving Bismarck for other fields of labor. The Tribune sincerely hopes this is not true. Father Chrysostom has done a noble work here and cannot be spared, for much remains still to be done to carry out his plans. He is universally esteemed, and Protestants as well as Catholics will not fail to extend a helping hand when his enterprises languish for want of support.

Lieut. S. H. Loder, of the 7th Infantry, shot himself in his tent with a small revolver. He had been drinking and was behind in his payments. Loder graduated in the class of '77, and had already won some distinction as an Indian fighter. He had a successful engagement last winter in Judith Basin, killing eight Indians. His parents live in Jersey City. Detective Rue was intrusted with his graduating ring and a letter from Major Hedges to his father.

A Pass for Life.
While Gov. Smith was here Dennis Hannafin, after his peculiar and original fashion, told him that he had walked to Fargo three times over the railroad ties in winter when trains were suspended. The governor said that if that was true, as one of the N. P. directory, he would recommend that Dennis be given a life-long pass. It would be a good investment for the N. P., for Denny is a power. Then there was no station between Bismarck and Crystal Springs, 65 miles; none between Crystal Springs and Jamestown, 85 miles; and none between Jamestown and Valley City, 50 miles. About this time, though the writer had a pass over the line of the North Pacific, he paid \$75 for a team to take him to Jamestown. Hon.

nafin took it on foot, with only a plug of tobacco for lunch and a sixty-five mile tramp before dinner.

The Death of James McGarry.
Yesterday afternoon this community was surprised with the report that Capt.

James McGarry was dead. Two weeks ago he came off the steamer Butte sick with mountain fever, and went to the Sheridan. It was generally known that he was quite ill, but no probability of his death was suggested until Thursday night and Friday morning. Capt. McGarry

was born of Irish parents in Canada, and was about forty-one years of age. Of his history little is known. He was a man with few confidants. There is no knowledge obtainable as to his relations. It is believed that he had some friends living near Wilson Station, Wisconsin, but who they are no one knows.

He went on the Mississippi river as a steamboatman in 1857 and came on to the Missouri in 1864. He built all the steamboats of the Benton line, was superintendent and one of the heaviest stockholders. He was one of the very best steamboatmen on the river, and was unusually popular and upright. The funeral will take place at the Catholic church to-morrow (Sunday) at 4 P. M.

The remains of the Captain will be interred in the Catholic cemetery, where a monument will be erected by his associates.

Mandan Notes.

Last Sunday we had divine services held in the school-house, Rev. Mr. Dodd, of Bismarck officiating. Had a very respectable congregation. Next Sunday Mr. Dodd will again come over and preach for us. We are in hopes of having preaching here every Sunday in the future.

Pat Callahan's hotel is for sale, as the railroad company want the grounds on which it stands to put up a depot, which will soon be commenced.

The Fourth of July dance passed off very nicely; large attendance, and an elegant supper at Headquarters hotel.

Walker, Bellows & Co. have found all of their mules. The reward brought them.

Antelope steak will soon be cheap. French and Maxwell have gone out hunting.

The land department move to the front with their outfit Sunday.

Gen. Rosser is expected home today from the east.

Track will be laid to the coal banks in two weeks.

We now have a post-office in Mandan. It's hot and mosquitoes are plenty.

Up River Notes.

The steamer Josephine, arriving this morning, brought down from Benton a quantity of hides and robes for Tillinghast of Chicago, and Goewey, of Sioux City. Mr. Lathrop, the clerk, reports that Gen. Miles crossed to the north side on the tenth, the Rose Bud and Gen. Sherman doing the transfer work. Miles has 125 Crow scouts with him beside his column. Miles has sent the agency Indians at Poplar river and Wolf Point to the south side of the Missouri. He doesn't want them mixed up with the hostiles. Crow Indians reported that the hostiles had gone through the trading post at Fort Belknap and carried off the stores. The buffalo are crossing to the south side.

The Crops.

The crops in this vicinity are still very promising. The hail injured the gardens in the city, about half destroyed the crops on the Porter and VanEtten farms, injured Jackman and Sam. English considerably; but Col. Thompson on the north, the Stark farm on the south, and the large farms east of town are almost wholly uninjured. Those that were not injured are more promising than for any previous year.

Miles' Column.

Gen Miles's column of seven hundred men crossed over the Missouri on Friday and went into camp. The departure of these troops leaves the upper posts garrisoned as follows: Fort Custer, eighty men, commanded by Capt. Sanderson; Fort Keogh, one hundred and twenty men and five officers; Fort Buford, sixty men, commanded by Lieut. Munson.

The U. S. Court.

At current term of U. S. Court, Fargo, Jno. Smith, who murdered the soldier, Edmund A. Shaffer, Fort Buford, last December was sentenced to ten years hard labor in the house of correction. Stoyle and Ball, defended them.

Daniel Perkins, Michael Burke, James Moran, W. McConnell, Morris Caine and S. T. Simonson, were fined from \$50 to \$250 and costs for cutting timber on government land.

Charley Driscoll Gone.

Charley Driscoll, formerly of Bismarck, and recently a deputy U. S. marshal in Montana, is undoubtedly dead. He started out from Fort Custer last March in search of horse thieves in the Big Horn mountains, he has never been heard from since. Instead of getting the thieves they got him. X. Biedler, the well known officer, is positive that Charley was killed.

Finds a New Field.

The enterprising young man who wasn't puritanic enough to run a newspaper in Bismarck has found a more congenial field for his genius in Sitting Bull's camp. He found the famous Indian sixty miles north of the Missouri hunting buffalo on the American side, and got a very spicy interview, the substance of which is telegraphed from Chicago to the Pioneer Press.—Pioneer Press.

For Sale.

Six lots on Main Street adjoining N. W. Stage Coach Building House, facing the new flour mill. Apply to ASA FISHER.

First-Class Day Board.

Persons desiring first-class day board at reasonable rates will find it at the St. James Hotel.

Eastern Travellers Especially Invited.

Impartial Justice.

ter's old stand, now managed by Busse & Smith, who have had many years' experience in the restaurant business.

5-7

Letter List.

List of letters remaining uncalled for in the Bismarck Post Office, for the week ending, Saturday, July 12, 1879:

Abeling A B Netzer N C
Borglye Miss Annie Noble F Q
Brown Miss Louisa North R E
Clark Miss Newman Thomas
Chas. Nelson W G
Ellsworth Andrew Owens Owen
Edwards E. M. Relly Sam B.
McLain Martin Ryan Miss May
McLean Malcolm Smith Wm S S
Morse Phillip Walsh Peter J

If the above letters are not called for in Thirty Days they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office, at Washington. Persons calling for any of the above will please say "Advertised Letters," and give date of list.

C. A. LOONSBERRY, P. M.

1.

Money to Loan.

7-8. F. J. CALL.

Select School.

A select school will be opened by the under-

signed at the Brick School House in this city on Monday July 7th. The text books will be the same as those in use in the public schools. Terms 30 cents per week.

6-9 CORA E. SWEET.

New potatoes and New Onions just received.

5-7 HALLETT & KEATING.

Neat Dwelling for Sale.

One of the neatest residences in the city for sale. Rented until next April at \$30 per month.

Price \$900 cash. A first-class investment.

5-1 LOONSBERRY & BENTLEY.

Northern Pacific Flour

TRY IT. For sale by

1-12 MCLEAN & MACNIDER.

Money to Loan.

TERMS satisfactory to enter borrows.

12-4 M. P. SLATTERY,

Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.

Office Room to Rent.

Inquire of Asa Fisher.

6-8

Ice Cream.

Manufactured for families, parties or festivals, or sold by the quart at the St. James, Forster's old stand.

5-7

Money to Loan.

On Real Estate or approved collaterals.

13-14 GEO. P. FLANNERY.

Proposals for Wood and Hay.

OFFICE CHIEF QUARTMASTER,

DEPARTMENT OF DAkOTA,

ST. PAUL, MINN., JUly 28, 1879.

SEALED PROPOSALS, in triplicate, addressed

to the undersigned, will be received at this office, and at the office of the Acting Assistant Quartermaster at Fort Yates, D. T., until 12 o'clock noon, on the 14th day of July, 1879, at which time and places they will be opened in presence of bidders for furnishing at Fort Yates, D. T., 3,768 cords of scragg wood, and 684 tons of hay, or such other quantity of any article, as may be required at said post, during the fiscal year commencing July 1st, 1879, and ending June 30th, 1880.

Permission will not be given contractors to cut wood or hay on the military reservation at Fort Yates.

One copy of this advertisement must be securely attached to each triplicate proposal, and must be mentioned therein as comprising part of it. Blanks for proposals may be obtained at this office or at Fort Yates.

The successful bidder, in each case, will be required to enter into a written contract with the United States, with good and approved security, in the sum of \$2,000, within ten days after being notified of acceptance of his proposal.

Proposals must be placed in sealed envelopes, marked "Proposals for Wood" (or Hay as the case may be) and addressed to the undersigned, or to the Post, Quartermaster at Fort Yates.

The United States reserves the right to reject any or all proposals.

CHAS. H. TOMPKINS,

Deputy Quartermaster General, U. S. Army,

Chief Quartermaster.

1.

JOHN DAHL,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Third Street, next door back of Merchants Hotel,

BISMARCK, D. T.

Have just received a new stock of

English and French Cassimeres

and Worsts

which will be made up in the latest and nobbiest

styles. A good fit guaranteed. Give

me a call and see for yourself. Clothing cleaned

and rep - econ short notice.

17m6

ASA FISHER,

Wholesale Dealer in

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Main-st., opp. Sheridan House.

Sole Agent for Val Blatz Milwaukee

Premium Export Lager Beer.